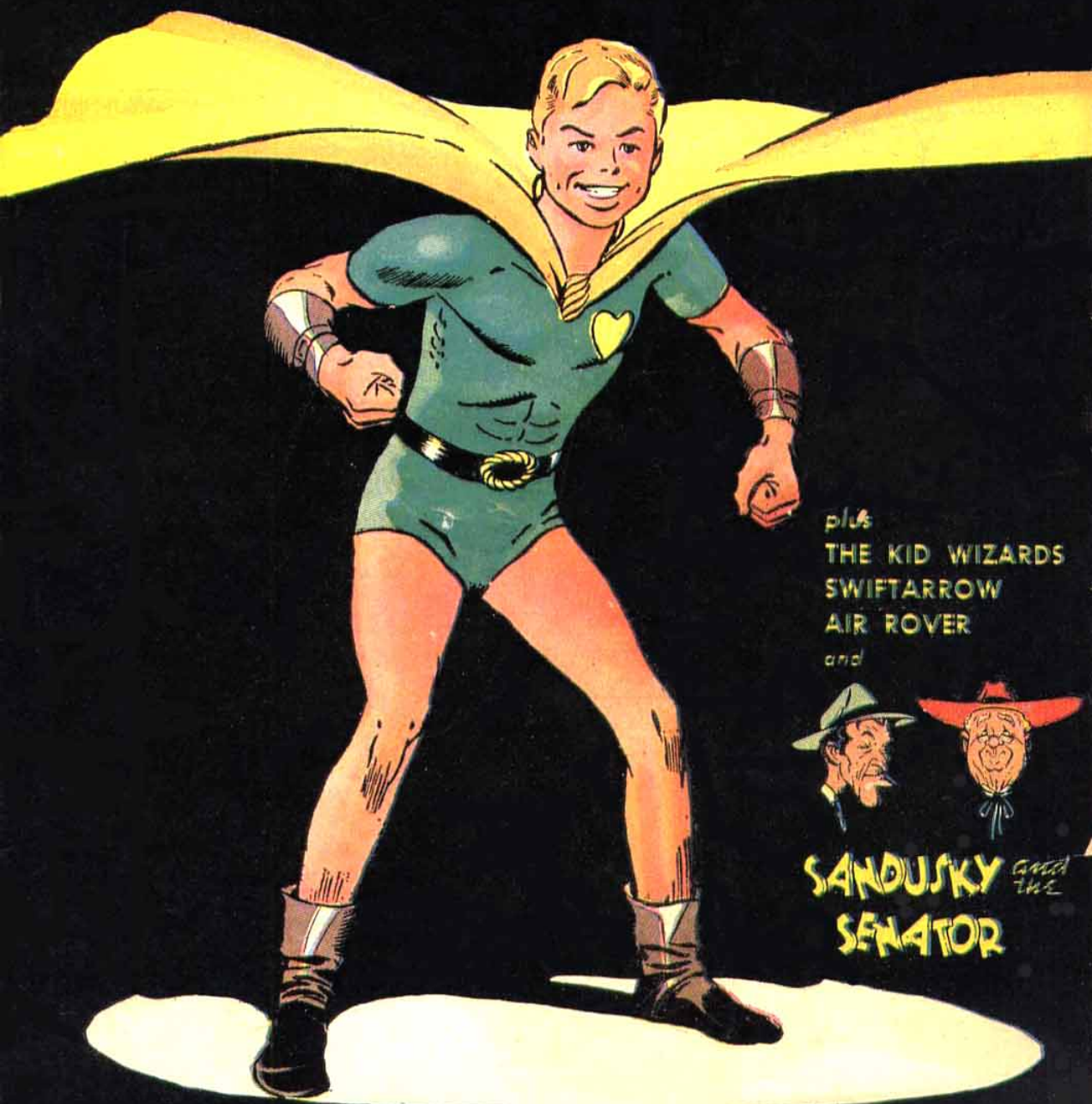




# GOLDEN LAD

JULY  
TEN CENTS  
NO. 1  
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plus  
THE KID WIZARDS  
SWIFTARROW  
AIR ROVER  
and



SANDUSKY Good  
The  
SENATOR

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# GOLDEN LAD

AN INCREDIBLE HERITAGE FROM THE BLOOD AND THUNDER DAYS OF OLD MEXICO, WHEN SPANISH CONQUISTADORS WARRIED UPON THE AZTEC INDIANS BRINGS TO ORPHANED TOMMY PRESTON INVINCIBLE, SUPERHUMAN POWER! ...BUT IT MUST BE USED ONLY IN THE FIGHT AGAINST EVIL! THE AMAZING POWER IS CONTAINED IN A LITTLE GOLDEN HEART... FASHIONED FROM MOLTEN METAL UNDER STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES MORE THAN 400 YEARS AGO BY... BUT READ ON... AND LEARN ABOUT...

"The HEART of GOLD!"



MORTON  
MESKIN

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ONE DAY, IN THE DUSTY ANTIQUE SHOP WHERE THEY LIVE, ORPHANED TOMMY PRESTON IS LISTENING TO HIS GRANDFATHER SPIN A YARN OF THE OLD WEST...



THERE I WAS--- MY HORSE DEAD, AND A HERD OF WILD BUFFALO THUNDERING DOWN ON ME! GLORY, I THOUGHT, WHAT CAN I DO NOW?

WHAT DID YOU DO, GRANDPA?

I PULLED OUT BOTH GUNS AND BEGAN TO SHOOT! **BANG!** DOWN WENT A BUFFALO! **BANG!** **BANG!** THREE MORE BUFFALOES! I EMPTIED ALL TWELVE SHOTS LIKE A MACHINE-GUN!

GOSH, GRANDPA!



I SHOT THOSE BUFFALOES SO FAST, THEY PILED UP ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER, MAKING A SOLID WALL IN FRONT OF ME! THE REST OF THE HERD SPLIT AND WENT AROUND---AND I WAS SAFE!

GEE!



SOME SHOOTING!

THAT WASN'T ANYTHING, TOMMY. LET ME TELL YOU HOW MY PAL WILLY WINTERS AND I SAILED ON A CLIPPER SHIP ONCE!



AT THAT MOMENT---

YA DON'T SAY? WELL, HERE'S WHERE YA GET **CLIPPED!** THIS IS A STICK-UP!

WHA...! WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?



WE KNOW WHAT WE WANT, OLD MAN! JUST SIT QUIET AND BEHAVE ---OR I'LL BLAST YA! **ALL RIGHT, GUYS, TEAR THE JOINT APART --- BUT FIND THAT STUFF!**

GRANDPA... THEY'RE...THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING...









Yes —  
BY  
HOLDING IN  
HIS HAND THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
LITTLE  
GOLDEN  
HEART,  
TOMMY PRESTON  
IS TRANSFORMED  
INTO  
GOLDEN  
LAD!







I THINK TOMMY RAN INTO THE BACK ... WHY DON'T YOU GO AND TAKE A LOOK?

POOR BOY... HE MUST HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED BY THE STRANGE LIGHTS AND SHOOTING! I'LL LOOK FOR HIM...



When THE OLD MAN LEAVES...

THE ANSWER TO WHAT HAPPENED TO ME MAY BE IN THIS BOX--  
HMM...HERE'S A SCROLL  
LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS..



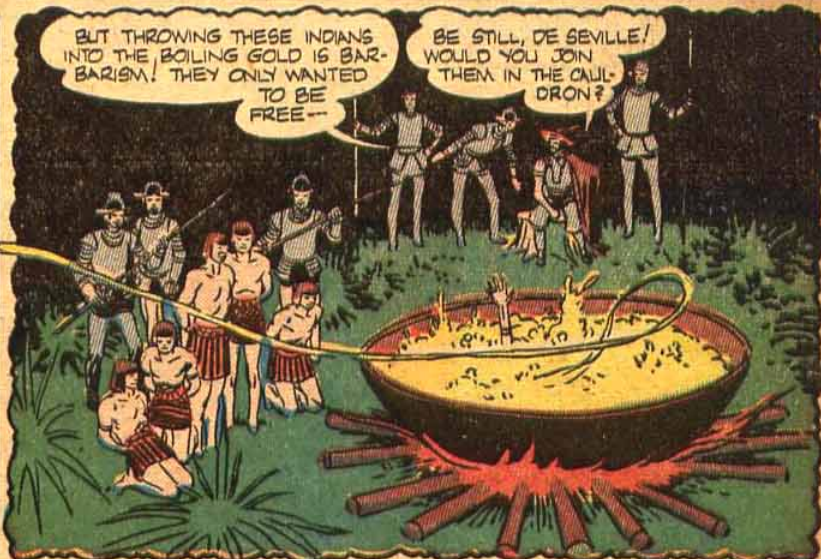
Let him who finds this heart rejoice! It brings superhuman power to fight evil... Look upon the heart and dream...  
...my story will come down to you through the centuries...

Don Juan de Seville  
1517



And GOLDEN LAD STARES INTO THE HEART...

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE SOMETHING...A SPANISH SETTLEMENT ... THERE'S SMOKE... AND A CAULDRON WITH SOMETHING BUBBLING IN IT...



BUT THROWING THESE INDIANS INTO THE BOILING GOLD IS BARBARISM! THEY ONLY WANTED TO BE FREE--

BE STILL, DE SEVILLE! WOULD YOU JOIN THEM IN THE CAULDRON?



THEY'VE JUST PITCHED ANOTHER ONE INTO THE CAULDRON! I CAN'T BE A PARTY TO THIS SLAUGHTER!



Late THAT SAME NIGHT...

I'LL BRING SOME OF THIS GOLD TO THE AZTECS AS A PEACE OFFERING. IT'LL SHOW THEM THAT NOT ALL OF US ARE SAVAGES... GREEDY AND READY TO KILL FOR GOLD!



CARRYING THE GOLD, DE SEVILLE SLIPS THROUGH THE SPANISH LINES... BUT A SENTRY SEES HIM...

HALT!  
WHO GOES  
THERE?



AAH! GOT...TO MAKE  
...THE INDIAN...  
CAMP... GOT  
TO...

BANG



ALMOST DEAD FROM LOSS OF  
BLOOD, THE GALLANT DE SEVILLE  
STAGGERS INTO THE AZTEC CAMP...

HERE IS  
SOME GOLD  
FROM THE  
CAULDRON IN  
WHICH YOUR  
PEOPLE WERE  
KILLED...

THIS ONE  
IS NOT LIKE  
THE OTHERS!  
HE IS A GOOD  
MAN!

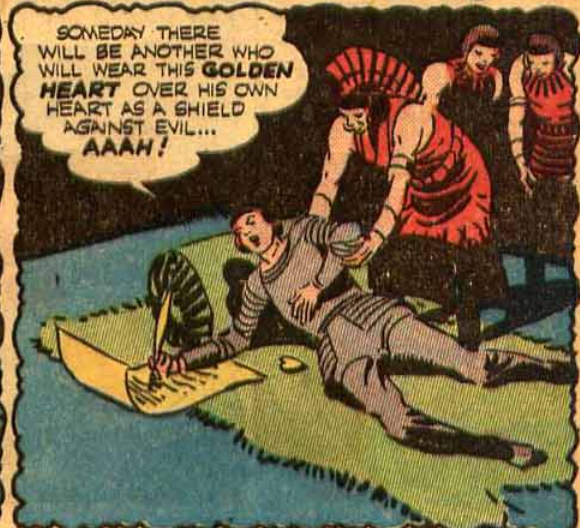


MY PEOPLE HAVE MADE A HEART  
OF GOLD FOR YOU. IT HAS GREAT  
MAGIC POWER AND FROM THIS  
DAY ON, YOU WILL BE  
STRONGER AND WISER  
THAN ANY MAN IN THE  
WORLD...

TOO LATE FOR  
ME... I AM DYING... BUT  
GIVE ME A SCROLL SO  
THAT I CAN LEAVE  
A MESSAGE...

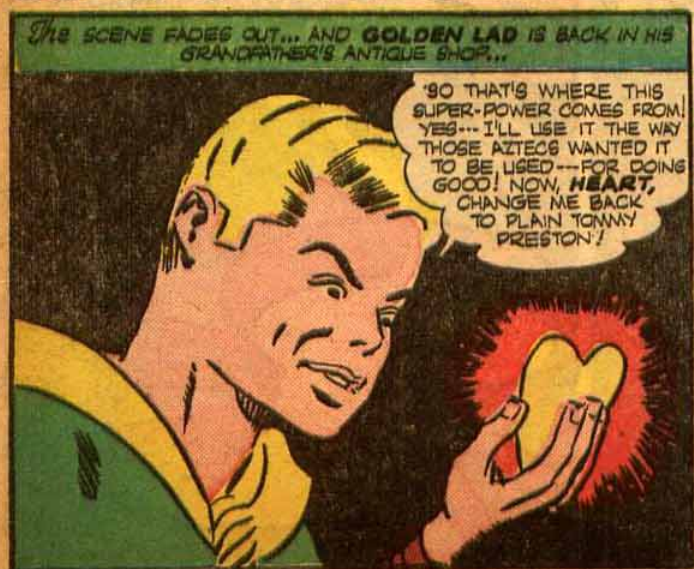


SOMEDAY THERE  
WILL BE ANOTHER WHO  
WILL WEAR THIS **GOLDEN**  
HEART OVER HIS OWN  
HEART AS A SHIELD  
AGAINST EVIL...  
AAAAH!



THE SCENE FADES OUT... AND GOLDEN LAD IS BACK IN HIS  
GRANDFATHER'S ANTIQUE SHOP...

SO THAT'S WHERE THIS  
SUPER-POWER COMES FROM.  
YES... I'LL USE IT THE WAY  
THOSE AZTECS WANTED IT  
TO BE USED... FOR DOING  
GOOD! NOW, HEART,  
CHANGE ME BACK  
TO PLAIN TOMMY  
PRESTON!





**IN AN INSTANT-- TOMMY PRESTON STANDS IN THE PLACE OF GOLDEN LAD!**



I CAN'T FIND--OH! THERE YOU ARE, TOMMY! SAY, WHERE'S THAT LAD IN UNIFORM...

I DIDN'T SEE ANY-- ONE, GRANDPA!

DIDN'T SEE THAT GOLDEN LAD, EH? WELL, NOW--YOU DIDN'T SEE HOW I CHASED OFF THOSE CROOKS, EITHER...

NO, GRANDPA-- BUT WHERE DID YOU GET THESE ANTIQUES?



BOUGHT THEM FROM THE WIDOW OF MY OLD PAL WILLY WINTERS... HE USED TO BUY UP ODD THINGS ALL OVER THE WORLD...

BUT WHY SHOULD THE CROOKS BE INTERESTED IN THAT OLD JUNK?



COME TO THINK OF IT, MRS. WINTERS USED TO RUN A BOARDING HOUSE UNTIL THE POLICE NABBED SOME CROOKS LIVING IN HER HOUSE... JEWEL THIEVES, THEY WERE...

DID THE POLICE GET THE LOOT?



NOPE--NEVER DID FIND THE JEWELS! SAY--MAYBE THEY HID THEM IN MRS. WINTERS' HOUSE AND--WAIT--WHERE ARE YOU GOING, TOMMY?

MRS. WINTERS IS IN GREAT DANGER, GRANDPA! THE CROOKS PROBABLY THINK SHE FOUND THE JEWELS! THEY'LL TRY TO MAKE HER TALK!



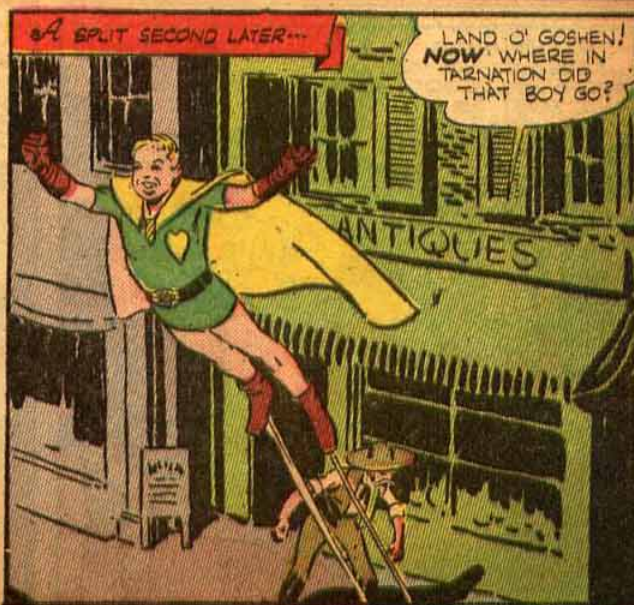
THOSE CROOKS MAY BE TORTURING POOR MRS. WINTERS RIGHT NOW!

HEART OF GOLD--MAKE ME GOLDEN LAD!



**A SPLIT SECOND LATER--**

LAND O' GOSHEN! NOW WHERE IN TARNATION DID THAT BOY GO?





FLASHING THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT, GOLDEN LAD REACHES THE HOME OF MRS. WINTERS!



THAT'S HER HOUSE!  
AND THE CAR PARKED  
IN FRONT MUST BE  
THE GANGSTERS!  
I'LL DROP IN ON  
THEM!

WELL, WELL! FIRST YOU ATTACK  
AN OLD MAN... NOW AN OLD WOMAN!  
MIGHTY BRAVE, AREN'T YOU?

WHA...! HEY!  
IT'S THAT  
GOLDEN LAD  
AGAIN!



THAT'S RIGHT, FROGGY! IT'S  
THE GOLDEN LAD

YEEOW!



HEY! I FOUND IT!  
HERE'S WHERE OLD  
SNAKY HID THE  
JEWELS!

BUT IT WON'T DO YOU  
ANY GOOD, FROGGY! I'M  
TURNING YOU OVER TO  
THE COPS!



HO! HO! GUESS  
AGAIN, WISE-GUY! ONE  
MOVE AND MY BOYS  
WILL BLAST THE OLD  
DAME! GRAB THE  
JEWELS AND LET'S  
GO!

CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE!  
GOT TO LET THEM GET  
AWAY FROM HERE  
FIRST!



WE'RE GETTING  
AWAY IN OUR CAR,  
GOLDEN LAD, WE AIN'T  
GOT ANY MORE USE  
FOR THIS OLD LADY  
... SO LONG,  
SLUCKER!

THEY'RE NOT  
GOING TO GET  
FAR...





*As the gangsters' car speeds away...*

GLORY! I'M GLAD I'M HERE IN TIME, MRS. WINTERS! MY GRANDSON TOMMY THOUGHT YOU'D BE IN DANGER --- SO I RUSHED OVER TO PROTECT YOU---

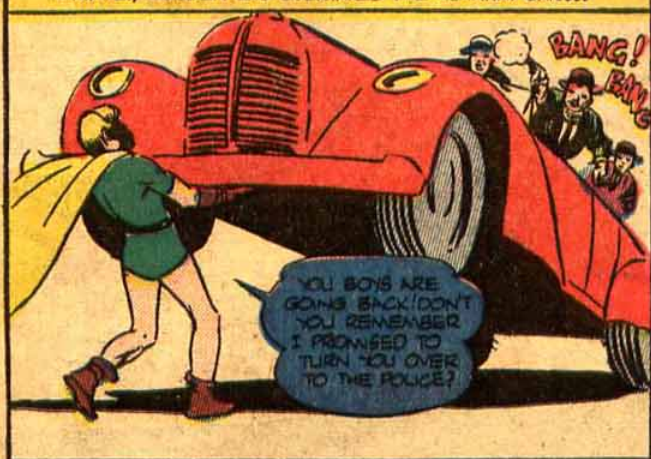
THE CROOKS HAVE GONE; MR. PRESTON ... TOO LATE TO CATCH THEM!



IT'S NOT TOO LATE! I'LL BRING THEM RIGHT BACK HERE! CALL THE POLICE IN THE MEAN-TIME!



*Swiftly, Golden Lad overtakes the runaway car...*



YOU BOYS ARE GOING BACK! DON'T YOU REMEMBER I PROMISED TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE?

**BANG!**

NOW TO SHAKE YOU BOYS OUT!



ALL RIGHT, GRANDPA! TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE!



*Later, in the old antique shop...*

HELLO, GRANDPA! WHERE WERE YOU?

WHERE WAS I? HAVEN'T YOU BEEN LISTENING TO THE RADIO? ALL ABOUT HOW I CAPTURED FROGGY'S GANG SINGLE-HANDED?



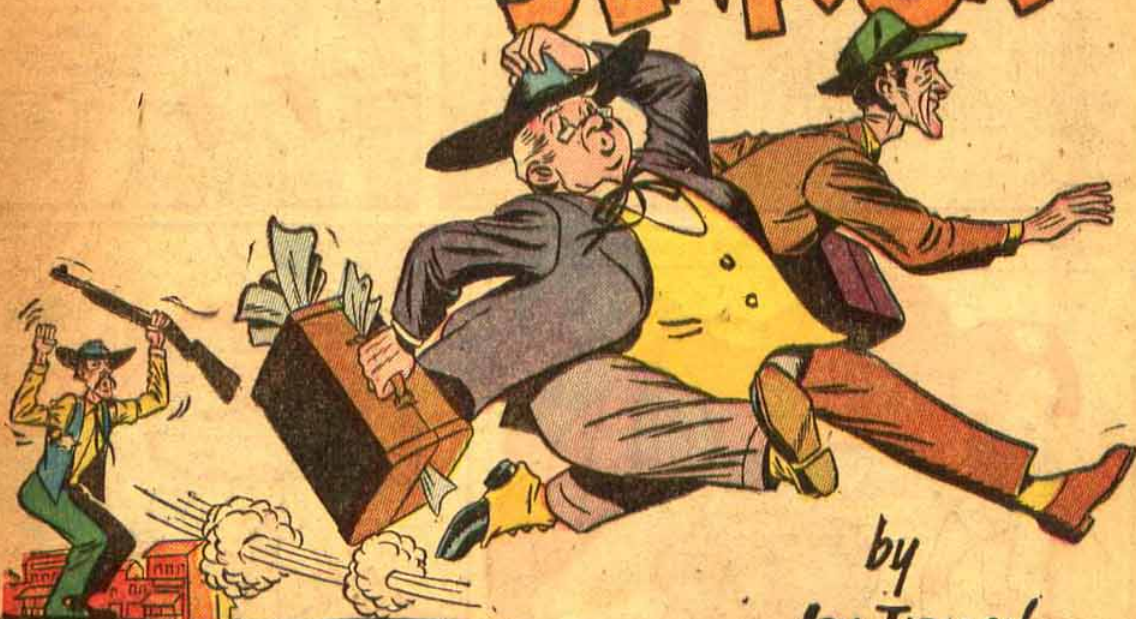
THERE I WAS... ALONE... UNARMED! AND SIX GUN-MEN COMING AT ME... GUNS BLAZING... BULLETS FLYING... GLORY, I THOUGHT... WHAT CAN I DO?

GEE, GRANDPA... I KNOW... YOU CAPTURED THEM!





# SANDUSKY and the SENATOR



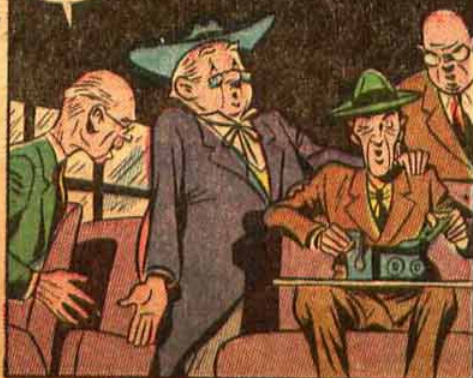
by  
IRV TIRMAN

ABOARD  
A TRAIN  
SPEEDING  
ACROSS THE  
GREAT OPEN  
SPACES  
OF THE  
WEST---



MY DEAR MR.  
SANDUSKY! YOUR  
INVENTION IS  
THE GREATEST  
BOON SINCE THE  
FREE LUNCH  
COUNTER!

AMAZ-  
ING!



THANK YOU, SEN-  
ATOR! OBSERVE,  
GENTLEMEN, THE  
EASE WITH WHICH  
I PRODUCE A  
TEN DOLLAR  
BILL!

AS A RENOWNED  
PUBLIC SERVANT,  
I CAN VOUCH FOR  
THE FACT THAT  
THIS IS A GENUINE  
\$10 BILL!

PRECISELY!  
WITH A LITTLE  
MONEY I CAN  
START MANU-  
FACTURING  
THESE  
MACHINES!





SUCH GENIUS  
MUST NOT PER-  
ISH! I WILL  
FINANCE YOU  
WITH \$1000!

SOUNDS LIKE  
A FINE DEAL!  
PERMIT ME  
TO INVEST  
\$10,000!

HOW CAN I  
EVER REPAY  
YOU GENTS  
FOR YOUR CON-  
FIDENCE!



BEFORE YE TWO  
PHONIES START RE-  
PAYING THESE  
MEN, YE'D  
BETTER  
PAY UP  
YER  
FARE!

ULP! WHY...ER...CERTAINLY,  
MY GOOD MAN... AN IN-  
NOCENT OVERSIGHT!  
I SHALL WRITE A  
CHECK IMMEDIA...

CHECK, MY  
EYE! GIT UP  
THE CASH  
OR GIT  
OFF!

I WOULD HAVE YOU KNOW,  
SIR, THAT THE PRESIDENT OF  
THIS RAILROAD IS A  
VERY DEAR FRIEND  
OF MINE!



OFF  
YE  
GO!

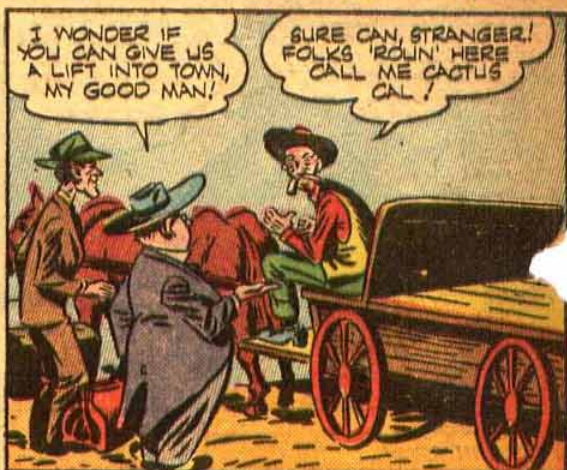
MY CONSTITUENTS  
SHALL HEAR OF THIS!  
YOU ARE DOING  
A DASTARDLY  
THING!

NOT ONLY  
THAT SENA-  
TOR... IT  
AIN'T  
NICE!



I WONDER IF  
YOU CAN GIVE US  
A LIFT INTO TOWN,  
MY GOOD MAN!

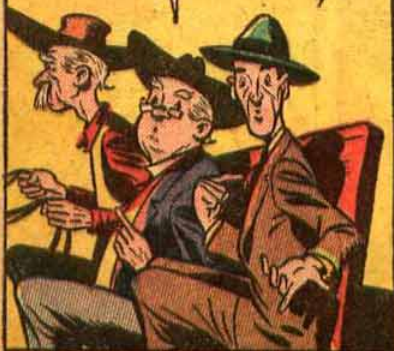
SURE CAN, STRANGER!  
FOLKS 'ROUND HERE  
CALL ME CACTUS  
CAL!



HOPE YUH DON'T MIND THE  
EXTRA LOAD, MCTAVISH! I'LL  
GIVE YUH AN EXTRA HAND-  
FUL OF OATS  
TONIGHT!

WHO'S HE  
TALKING  
TO?

ME, HE  
ASKS!



I'M PROB-  
ABLY NUTS FOR  
ASKIN'... BUT  
ARE YOU  
TALKIN' TO  
THE HORSE,  
CAL?

SHORE  
I'M TALKIN'  
TO THE  
HORSE  
MISTER!  
HE NOT ONLY  
UNDER-  
STANDS...  
HE KIN  
TALK  
BACK!



I NEVER  
HEARD OF NO  
CHARACTER  
LIKE A HORSE  
TALKIN'!

RECKON  
YUH AIN'T  
HEERD MUCH  
...MY HANDLE'S  
MCTAVISH,  
STRANGER,  
WHAT'S  
YOURS?







MY NAME IS SANDUSKY SCHOONER AND THIS IS...

SANDUSKY, TO WHOM ARE YOU TALKING?

TO THE HORSE, OF COURSE!

OH!

THE HORSE?



TALENT, SUCH AS CAL'S, COULD BE CONVERTED INTO SOME MUCH-NEEDED CAPITAL... DO YOU FOLLOW ME?

I AM WITH YOU ALL THE WAY, SENATOR... AND I GOT A PLAN! LISTEN!... BZZZ-Z-Z

And so, A PLAN IS HATCHED...



I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

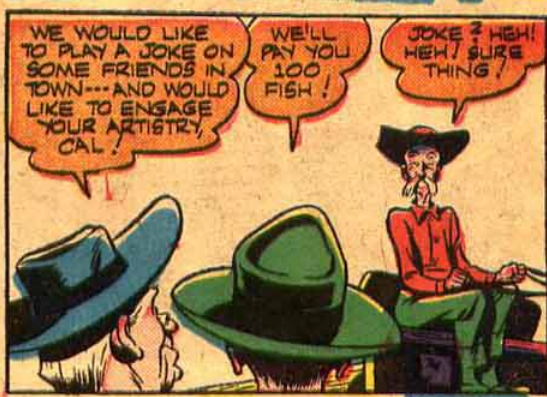
WAIT FOR ME!

HEY, FELLERS, COME BACK! I WAS JES' PLAYIN' A JOKE ON YUH!



I WUZ JEST PRACTICIN' MY VENTRILOQUISM ON YUH! HEH! HEH! GOT THIS HERE BOOK IN THE MAIL TODAY!

COULD I SPEAK TO YOU A MOMENT, SANDUSKY... ER... PRIVATELY?



WE WOULD LIKE TO PLAY A JOKE ON SOME FRIENDS IN TOWN... AND WOULD LIKE TO ENGAGE YOUR ARTISTRY, CAL!

WE'LL PAY YOU 100 FISH!

JOKE? HEH! SURE THING!



Later, IN TOWN...

AND SO, GENTLEMEN, THERE THEY WERE, ALL AROUND ME! PURE GOLD NUGGETS!

A CUTE IDEA... PUTTIN' THEM DIRT ROCKS IN THE VALISE!



SHUCKS, SENATOR... YUH CAIN'T EXPECT US T' BELIEVE THAT YARN! EVEN IF YUH SHAKE THAT BAG OF NUGGETS!

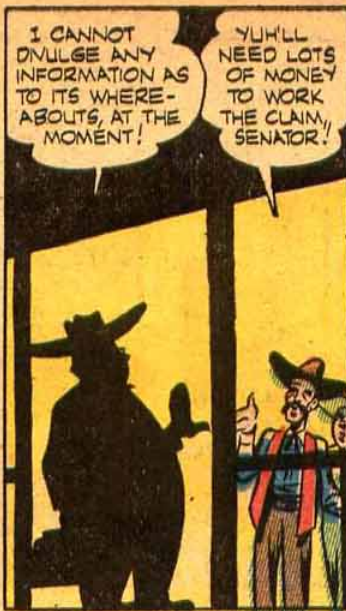
IT DOESN'T MATTER, GENTLEMEN... I'M NOT SELLING ANYTHING!



ANYWAY THIS FINE HORSE CAN VOUCH FOR WHAT I SAY!

HAW! HAW! NOW YER GONNA TELL US YER HOBBS KIN TALK!











# SWIFTARROW

STORY  
LARRY  
LORD  
PERRY  
WILLIAMS

OUT OF THE DEADLY CRUSADE  
AGAINST CRIME, WAGED BY *Jon Dart*,  
EDITOR OF THE *WEEKLY STAR* --  
SPRINGS A STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS  
CHAMPION OF JUSTICE! POWERFUL AS  
A JUGGERNAUT -- SWIFT AND SURE AS AN  
ARROW... THE FIGHTER AGAINST EVIL CALLS HIMSELF  
SWIFTARROW... AND BRINGS QUICK VENGEANCE TO THE  
CRIMINALS WHO CALLED THEMSELVES... "GHOSTLY KILLERS!"

A NOTORIOUS UNDERWORLD GUN-MAN COMES TO THE  
OFFICE OF THE *WEEKLY STAR*....

I'M LOOKING FOR A GUY NAMED JON  
DART... ON ACCOUNT I'M SCARED, AND  
WANT TO CONFESS TO A KILLING I  
DONE!

I'M EDITOR,  
JON DART,  
WHAT'S THIS  
MURDER CONFESSION  
ABOUT?

I WAS HIRED TO KILL  
THOMAS FINCHLEY -- AND  
I DONE IT. ONLY -- ONLY  
DA GUY HAS COME BACK  
TO LIFE, OR MAYBE  
I'M GOING CRAZY!

YOU MEAN THOMAS  
FINCHLEY -- THE  
MILLIONAIRE  
MISER? BUT THE  
PRESS RECEIVED NO  
NOTICE OF HIS DEATH!



ALL RIGHT, LET'S HAVE YOUR STORY. WHY DO YOU WANT TO CONFESS TO KILLING A MAN WHO ISN'T DEAD?

I GOTTA GET THIS OFF MY CHEST! A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO...



"...A MAN CAME TO SEE ME AT ONE OF THE JOINTS WHERE I HANG OUT..."

I'LL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU KILL THOMAS FINCHLEY. HERE'S FIVE HUNDRED NOW-THE REST WHEN THE JOB IS DONE!

THIS FINCHLEY GUY IS AS GOOD AS DEAD, MISTER!



"...SO I HUNG AROUND THIS FINCHLEY GUY'S JOINT UNTIL ONE NIGHT..."

I GOT A COUPLE OF LEAD PRESENTS FOR YA, BUD!

AAAAH!!



"...I KNOCKED HIM OFF ALL RIGHT, MR. DART. BUT A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER..."

YOU! YOU'RE THE GUY I BUMPED OFF! I-I GUESS I'M SEEING THINGS! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE, SLUG! I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE!



THE GUY SAYS HE AIN'T NEVER SEEN ME BEFORE...BUT HE CALLS ME BY ME OWN NAME! I'M HAUNTED, MR. DART! I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP, I'LL DO ANYTHING!

TELL ME THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO HIRED YOU TO KILL FINCHLEY!



THE GUY WHO HIRED ME IS-- WHA... AAAAHH!

THE SHOT CAME FROM THE HALLWAY!



BUT AS JON DASHES TO THE DOORWAY....

HEY! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! THE KILLER COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR! BUT THERE'S NO ONE HERE! PERHAPS THAT BOY SAW HIM!













WITH THE BLINDING SPEED OF HIS DEADLY ARROWS, **SWIFTARROW** SWINGS INTO ACTION!

THE GAME IS UP...AND WHEN I FIRE AWAY I HIT THE MARK!

HEY-THIS GUY'S LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING. WHA-WHAT HIT ME?



YOU CALLED THE COPS...AND YOU'RE GOING TO FACE THEM WHEN THEY GET HERE!

HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'VE GOT MILLIONS! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED FOR ASSAULT. I'LL OUCH!



AFTER THE POLICE ARRIVE....

JON DART IS INNOCENT. THIS MIDGET-DRESSED AS A LITTLE BOY, KILLED SLUG AND THEN SWORE NO ONE ENTERED DART'S OFFICE. HE DID IT TO COVER THE MURDER OF THOMAS FINCHLEY.

BUT THIS IS MR. FINCHLEY!



NO, THIS MAN IS MADE UP TO LOOK LIKE FINCHLEY! HE HELD A GUN IN HIS **RIGHT** HAND! BUT THIS PORTRAIT SHOWS THAT FINCHLEY WAS **LEFT**-HANDED. YOU'LL FIND FINCHLEY'S BODY BURIED SOMEWHERE ON THE GROUNDS OF THIS HOUSE!

WELL, I'LL BE JIGGER-BUGGED!



SOME DAYS LATER IN THE OFFICE OF THE WEEKLY

WELL, LUCKY FOR YOU, MR. DART. THIS COSTUMED GUY WAS A HUNDRED PERCENT RIGHT ABOUT THE FINCHLEY CASE'S WONDER WHAT HE CALLS HIMSELF?...

I'M WRITING UP THE STORY FOR MY PAPER, OFFICER. HIS NAME IS **SWIFTARROW**... AND HE HAS SET OUT IN A CRUSADE TO SMASH ALL CRIME!



HMM, **SWIFTARROW**! THAT'S A NEAT NAME! BUT I WONDER WHO HE REALLY IS?

I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT WE'LL BE HEARING A LOT ABOUT HIM IN THE FUTURE..



AND, I WONDER WHO HE REALLY IS, TOO!





# THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WASN'T THERE

By VERA CERUTTI

**T**HE TWO MEN in olive drab pushed through the revolving door into the crowded store.

"Whew! We shoulda stood in bed!" said Bob eyeing the jostling shoppers. "Why couldn't you buy your wife a present near the camp?"

Slim chuckled. "She's mighty fussy about Christmas presents. Say, Bob, ask that dame the way to the perfume counter."

Bob moved toward the information booth. He'd grab himself some information, too, on women's gloves—for his mother. There was no wife to complicate things for him—not even a sweetheart. He had never even had a girl friend. Girls made him self-conscious.

A little later they were standing beside the perfume counter and a bewildering array of bottles.

"Hello," called Slim to the salesgirl. "How about a bottle of 'Sweet Sin'?"

"Someone's lucky," she replied, smiling. Bob noticed that she was pretty. "Here it is—the last bottle in the store."

"You practically saved his life!" Bob cut in. "His wife would have had his scalp if he didn't get it."

Bob felt pleased. He couldn't even remember speaking to a girl with such ease. He looked at the girl and knew that somehow she was responsible for it. It wasn't just her prettiness. There were other things... the friendly twinkle in her blue eyes, the verve in her every movement, her sparkle.

"How's the perfume busi-

ness?" he ventured. "I guess they keep you pretty busy."

"We are pretty much on the jump right now," she said, "but it's only the holiday rush."

"I suppose half your customers are men buying perfume for their wives."

She nodded. "Or their girl friends."

"Yes—of course," Bob agreed, suddenly feeling clumsy. "I—I suppose your boy friend will be giving you your favorite perfume."

"In case you're fishing, Mr. GI," she answered, with a flip of her bobbed head, "the man I love has not entered my life... yet."

She began wrapping Slim's package.

"Excuse me for butting in." Slim addressed Bob in mock apology, "but this is the first time I've caught you practically holding hands with another girl. And it's no fair, my boy."

**B**OB HAD JUST been thinking how nice it would be to have her for his girl friend, when Slim's words brought him back to earth. He had been caught off-guard. Now he would have to recover without a tumble.

"Don't mind him," Bob jested with all the nonchalance he could muster. "He's only a married man."

"Well, I like that!" spluttered Slim, thumping Bob's broad back. "What makes you think you're in a special class? You're engaged, aren't you, you big menace!"

Now, Bob saw, he had gotten himself into a real jam.

This would happen to him—just when he met a girl who was different. Slim had sensed that he liked her and he probably considered him a two-timing heel. There was only one way to square himself—by telling Slim the whole truth. Yet he couldn't do that. It would be sure to get back to camp.

The whole mess had started a few months back when the fellows began arranging dates for him. He hadn't liked the idea. At first he had begged off by saying he was engaged. But he soon discovered he had to fill in details to satisfy their friendly curiosity about his girl. He invented a description of her, her house, her family. He even provided the little girl who wasn't there with a name—Betty Bradford. Now the gang felt they really knew her—and they liked her.

"You just watch out for this here wolf, Miss," said Slim, looking at Bob slantwise.

**B**OB CAUGHT her swift glance. He knew that she was aware of his embarrassment. For a moment he was speechless.

"By the way, you snake-in-the-grass," continued Slim, poking at Bob's ribs, "it's time you decided what you're going to get Betty for Christmas. You've been stalling for weeks."

"I—er—I have decided," floundered Bob, trying to keep his voice level. "It's going to be perfume."

"What kind does she usually like?" the girl asked.

Bob glanced quickly at the



bottles on the shelf behind her.

"Well," he considered, "last year I gave her 'Ecstasy', but she never even used it."

"I don't like it myself," the girl said, a twinkle in her eye. "Perhaps I can help you make a better selection."

"Thanks," Bob murmured. "What is she like? We've got to find the scent that matches her personality."

Bob did some fast thinking. "She's kind of small—about your size. You might say she's fragile. She's the domestic type, likes to stay at home and stuff."

"She loves sports," Slim helped along. "She's a crack-jack swimmer... wins competitions. The Olympic type."

"I see," said the girl thoughtfully. "What's her name? I always ask my customers the name. You couldn't give 'Sultana's Secret' to Mary Jones, any more than you'd give 'Foolish Violet' to Cleopatra."

"Betty Bradford." "That's odd," mused the girl. "I have a friend named Bradford, too. Where does she live?"

"In Brightwater, Ohio. Just a small town I passed through two years ago."

"Then it is a small world!" the girl exclaimed, her eyes shining. "I know Betty very well! She's one of my best friends!"

**B**OB WISHED he had never been born. There were millions of names to choose from, and he had to pick Betty Bradford and Brightwater, Ohio!

"What—what do you know!" he stammered. "A—a coincidence if I ever saw one!" He gave a sickly smile.

"And to think you're engaged to her! Wait until Betty finds out it was I who selected her perfume!"

"Yes—of course. But I won't be seeing Betty for Christmas. I'll have to write her all about it in my next letter," Bob whispered hoarsely. "It's a

little stuffy in here, isn't it, Slim?" Turning to the girl behind the counter, he added, "Well, have a nice Christmas." He looked at his watch hurriedly. "Say, Slim, we better be pushing along."

"Hold your horses!" said Slim. "What's your hurry? You two have a lot to talk about."

"Look," said the girl to Bob, "I'm going to spend Christmas week with my aunt in Brightwater. I'll be glad to deliver the perfume to Betty myself."

"That would be fine," said Bob, feeling sick.

"And I've got just the perfume to match Betty's exciting personality—'White Lie'. Here it is, our latest and most exotic scent!"

"It sounds perfect." He looked at his wrist-watch again. "Come on, Slim, we better get a move on."

"I just don't get it," drawled Slim, sounding puzzled. He scratched the back of his huge head. "Why the rush all of a sudden?"

"By the way," the girl said, looking directly into Bob's eyes, "my name's Linda Carroll. I'll be through for the day in twenty minutes. If you could only wait. There must be an awful lot of stuff you'd like me to tell Betty... since you won't be seeing her for such a long while."

"I'm afraid we'll have to—" Bob began.

"Sure, we'll wait," Slim interrupted.

"Perhaps you could come over to the house for dinner. Mother would be delighted to meet Betty's boy friend."

"I'd like to," said Bob weakly, "but it happens that I'm tied up at camp."

"Phooey!" interposed Slim. "Don't be a dope! You're not throwing away a talk with Betty's girl friend—and her mother—for a game of poker!"

**W**ALKING HOME with Linda, a half hour later, Bob felt dismayed by his di-

lemma. The thought of being with her was exciting. Yet his heart sank when he realized what he was letting himself in for. Linda and her mother would ask him all kinds of questions about Betty which he wouldn't be able to answer. He would be unmasked as a humbug.

"Oh, I forgot," said Linda, as they were entering her apartment. This is mother's evening at the movies. What a pity!"

Bob thanked his lucky stars. "Too bad," he murmured.

"You sit here for a few minutes, and I'll get dinner," said Linda cheerfully. "Of course I'm not a first-rate cook, like Betty is—but I'll do my best."

It was while they were eating that Linda glanced at him with that wide-eyed, disarming look. "I do hope Betty will be pleased with her perfume," she said.

"I'm sure she will... It's called 'White Lie', isn't it? 'White Lie'—" he lingered over the name for a moment. There was an awkward pause. Then, it clicked. He'd make a clean breast of the whole affair. He would tell Linda about his white lie.

"Look here, Linda," he exclaimed. "I've got to tell you the truth. I haven't got a girl. I've never had one. I just made Betty Bradford up—well, because it made things easier with the boys in camp. The joke's on me, I guess."

Linda's eyes were twinkling. "I knew your Betty Bradford wasn't real, Bob."

"You—you knew?"

"Yes, as soon as you said that you sent her 'Ecstasy' last year. It's been on the market for only two months."

"But what about the real Betty Bradford? Were you going to give her my perfume?" ask Bob, bewildered.

"There is no Betty Bradford," Linda replied, blushing slightly. "But don't you think we owe her a vote of thanks just the same?"

The End



# AIR ROVER



WHEN JOHNNY GOT HOME FROM THE WAR HE WASN'T SATISFIED TO SIT AROUND. INSTEAD HE RIGGED UP A SPECIAL PLANE AND WENT OUT LOOKING FOR ADVENTURE! HE FOUND IT--- MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR WHEN HE WOUND UP IN THE LAND OF THE...

"SWORD WOMEN!"

STORY BY WATER GARDNER  
DRAWINGS BY JAMES BELL.



NOT FAR FROM THE ISLE OF YAP...

BOY, IT'S WONDERFUL TO FLY JUST FOR THE JOY OF ADVENTURE! NO BRIEFING, NO ENEMY PLANES ON THE LOOKOUT! NO---OH! OH! NO GAS!



A LONELY ISLAND LAGOON PROVIDES AN EMERGENCY LANDING PLACE...

I COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A MORE DESOLATE SPOT... WELL, JOHNNY HOPPER, ME LAD, YOU GOT INTO THIS MESS---NOW LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF IT!





NOW TO TEST MY  
PET IDEA! I **KNEW**  
WHEN I CORALLED  
THIS ONE-MAN JAP  
SUB THAT IT'D COME  
IN HANDY ATTACHED  
TO A PLANE!

MOORING THE PLANE WITH A SEA-AN-  
SUBMERGES IN HIS PONTOON.

MY MAP SHOWS NO LAND  
WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES!  
AND I NEED GAS!

MAYBE I CAN  
FIND A HUNK OF  
LAND THAT'S  
UNCHARTED!

WHAT'S HOLDING  
ME BACK? WHY---  
IT'S A NET! WHO'D  
BE FISHING IN  
THESE DESERTED  
WATERS?

WOW! LOOK AT  
THAT SUB! LOOKS  
LIKE KING KONG  
OF THE SEAS!

JOHNNY'S SUB, TOGETHER WITH THE FISH,  
IS HAULED THROUGH A WEIRD ENTRANCE INTO  
A HUGE UNDERSEA CAVERN!

THIS IS FANTASTIC!  
OR AM I DREAMING  
IT?





HERE'S A PRETTY PRIZE! I NEVER SAW A FISH AS BIG AS THIS BEFORE! COME ON, GIRLS, TAKE A LOOK!



WHAT A HARD SKIN THIS FISH HAS! IT'S BROKEN MY KNIFE!

LOOK! THE FISH MUST HAVE SWALLOWED THE POOR DEAR!



THE POOR FRAIL THING! HOW DID HE EVER SURVIVE THIS? COME ON GIRLS, LET'S HAVE HIM CHECKED OVER TO SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT!

POOR, FRAIL THING?... WHY, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME!



AHA! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

HE WAS SWALLOWED BY A FISH! BUT HE'S BEING AS COURAGEOUS AS A WOMAN ABOUT THE WHOLE THING. SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR!



HUMPH... STRONG CONSTITUTION FOR A MAN! HE'LL BE O.K. AFTER THE SHOCK WEARS OFF. IN THE MEANTIME, SOME NORMAL LIGHT MALE WORK WON'T HURT HIM!

SEE YOU SOON, YOU PRETTY THING, YOU!

I MUST BE NUTS! WHAT IS THIS?



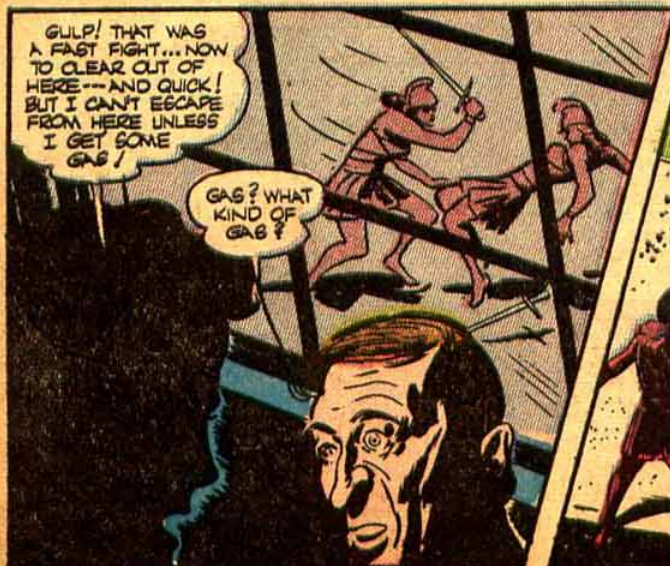
JOHNNY'S LIGHT MALE WORK!



HOW COME YOU GUN'S DO THIS WORK? WHY AREN'T YOU OUT DOING THE FISHING AND OTHER WORK?

BUT THAT'S **HARD** WOMAN'S WORK! WE'RE NOT FITTED FOR THAT!

NOW, YOU JUST RELAX AND DRY A FEW DISHES. YOU'LL FEEL BETTER.









# KID WIZARDS

They WERE JUST A BUNCH OF KIDS WHO BUILT A CLUBHOUSE ON AN EMPTY LOT IN THEIR NEIGHBORHOOD... BUT WHAT'S A CLUB WITHOUT A MASCOT? SO RAGS, STRETCH, AND DICKIE WENT OUT IN SEARCH OF ONE—AND FOUND A REPUTATION AS THE 'KID WIZARDS' FOR THEMSELVES WHEN THEY LOOKED INTO THE STARTLING MYSTERY WHICH LAY HIDDEN IN...

"The EYES of the TIGER"

Story by  
RICHARD MARK  
Art by  
MORT  
LAWRENCE

STRETCH, RAGS AND DICKIE WANDER TO THE WATER-FRONT IN THEIR SEARCH FOR A CLUB MASCOT...

I'M AFRAID WE'RE GETTING NOWHERE LOOKING FOR A MASCOT AROUND HERE!

I'M DA GUY WOT'S AN EXPLOIT ON ANIMALS AND... HUH?

AHOY, MATES!

I'M SALTY, LADS, AND I'M LOOKING FOR A SNUG HARBOR TO REST MY WEARY BONES—BUT NONE OF THE BOARDING HOUSES WILL TAKE ME IN BECAUSE OF MY PET...SO—







-I WONDER IF YE BOYS KNOW WHERE I CAN STORE MY LITTLE PET FOR A SPELL?

DID YOUSE SAY PET? SOITINLY WE GOT A PLACE FOR DA LITTLE...



A FORTUNATE COINCIDENCE - GULP!

WE WAS OUT LOOKING FOR A PET FOR... ULP!



WE AIN'T GONNA ADOPT NO OVERGROWN CAT! DIS CAN DISTOIB ME NOIVES! IT'S-

HOLD ON, LAD! DROP YER ANCHOR-MY TIGER ISN'T GOING TO HURT YOU!



MAN A THAT IN TI

IT DON APPEAR VERY VA SALTY S A CURIO



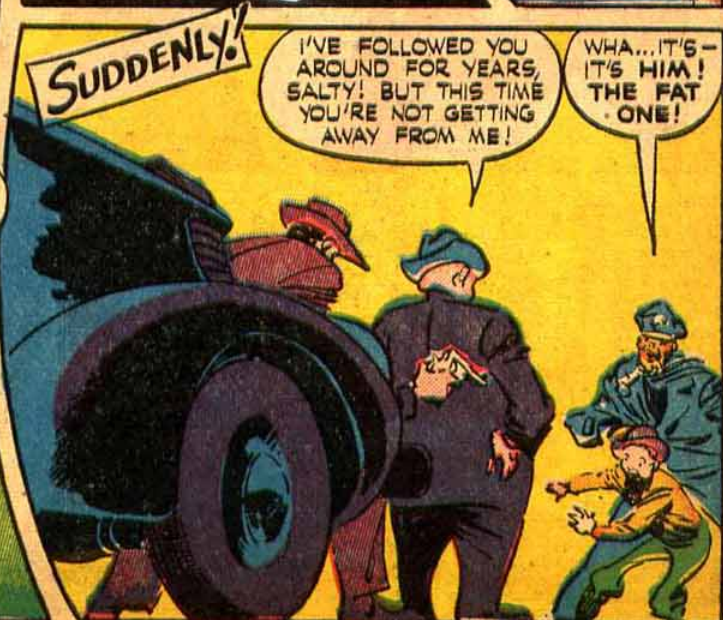
UE, EH? WELL, TIME HAVE G'VILLAINS TEAL IT AYE, THERE'S E HIDDEN IN TIGER OR ME ISN'T SAM!

A...A TREASURE?



AYE, A TREASURE, THOUGH I NEVER COULD FIGURE OUT WHERE IT'S HID! I'LL BE HAPPY WHEN I'VE PUT MY TIGER UP SAFE IN YOUR CLUBHOUSE, LADS...

WELL, DA JOINT IS A LITTLE FOLDER DOWN DIS STREET...



**SUDDENLY!**

I'VE FOLLOWED YOU AROUND FOR YEARS, SALTY! BUT THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY FROM ME!

WHA...IT'S - IT'S HIM! THE FAT ONE!









NO, GOLD WOULDN'T BE HIDDEN IN IT! WHATEVER IT IS MUST BE VERY SMALL AND VALUABLE. NOW WHAT'S THE MOST VALUABLE THING THAT COMES IN SMALL-

RUBIES, MAYBE...OR DIAMONDS!



IT'S DIAMONDS, OF COURSE!

AND THEY MAY BE PLACED RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! THAT'S WHAT IT MUST BE!



YOUSE HIT DA NAIL RIGHT ON DA HEAD, DICKIE! IT'S DA TIGER'S EYES! GET 'EM STRETCH!

BE CAREFUL, LAD! THOSE DIAMOND EYES ARE WORTH A FORTUNE!



TO TINK DEM CROOKS WUZ AFTER DESE ROCKS! JUST LOOKING AT DEM KNOCKS DA WIND OUTA ME!

WELL, I'LL BE HORN-SWOGGLED! I FINALLY FOUND THE DIAMONDS THE FAT ONE WAS AFTER!



SUDDENLY... A SINISTER LAUGH STARTLES THEM!

HA-HA-HA! AND YOU'VE FOUND THEM JUST IN TIME, SALTY SAM! I'LL TAKE THEM, PLEASE!

THE FAT ONE! SO YOU'VE GOT ME CORNERED-BUT I'LL GET EVEN!



I'LL TAKE THESE DIAMONDS, SALTY! AND AS FOR YOU KIDS-BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP! IT ISN'T HEALTHY HANGING AROUND A DOUBLE-CROSSER!

DOUBLE-CROSSER? WOT ARE YOUSE TALKING ABOUT?



I'M TALKING ABOUT SALTY SAM, THE SMUGGLER! MY MEN IN EUROPE HIRED HIM TO SMUGGLE THESE DIAMONDS INTO THE U.S. IT'S A GOOD THING THEY HID THEM SO WELL THAT EVEN I WOULD HAVE HAD A TOUGH JOB FINDING THEM!





SO LONG, AND THANKS FOR FINDING THESE DIAMONDS FOR ME. HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO TALK ANY MORE WITH YOU BOYS!

PEST! GRAB DA GUY AS SOON AS HE TOINS!



BUT DA BUM IS GETTING AWAY! HAVE YOUSE GONE NUTS, STRETCH? LEMME AT 'IM! I'LL MOIDER-

TAKE IT EASY, RAGS! HE AIN'T GOT THE DIAMONDS!



DID-DID YOU SAY THOSE EYES WEREN'T THE DIAMONDS?

NOPE! I'M THE ONLY GUY THAT KNOWS WHERE THE DIAMONDS ARE!

AND WHAT'S MORE—I'M GONNA TIP OFF THE COPS ON HOW TO TRAP THE FAT ONE AND HIS SMUGGLING GANG!

AYE, AYE, LAD! WHERE ARE THE DIAMONDS? TELL ME AND I'LL CUT YE BOYS IN ON A SHARE!

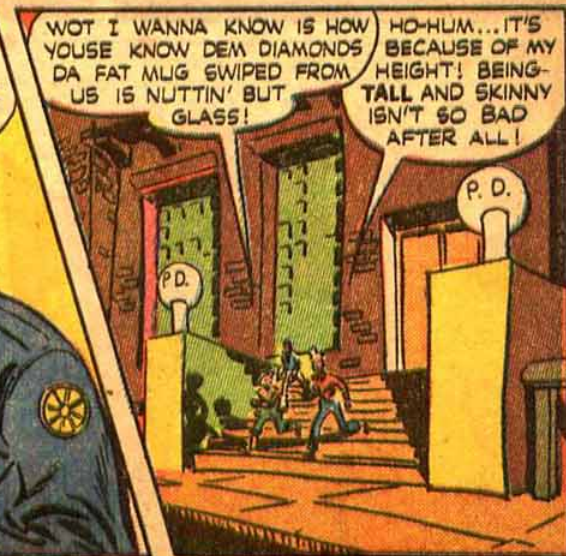
LET'S GO TO THE COPPERS!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THAT'S WHAT I TOLD YOUSE, INSPECTOR! PUT OUT A CALL TO PICK A COUPLE OF CROOKS TRYING TO SELL TWO GLASS MARBLES AS DIAMONDS!

YOU BETTER BE RIGHT, KID! OTHERWISE I'M GOING TO SPANK THE BUNCH OF YOU!



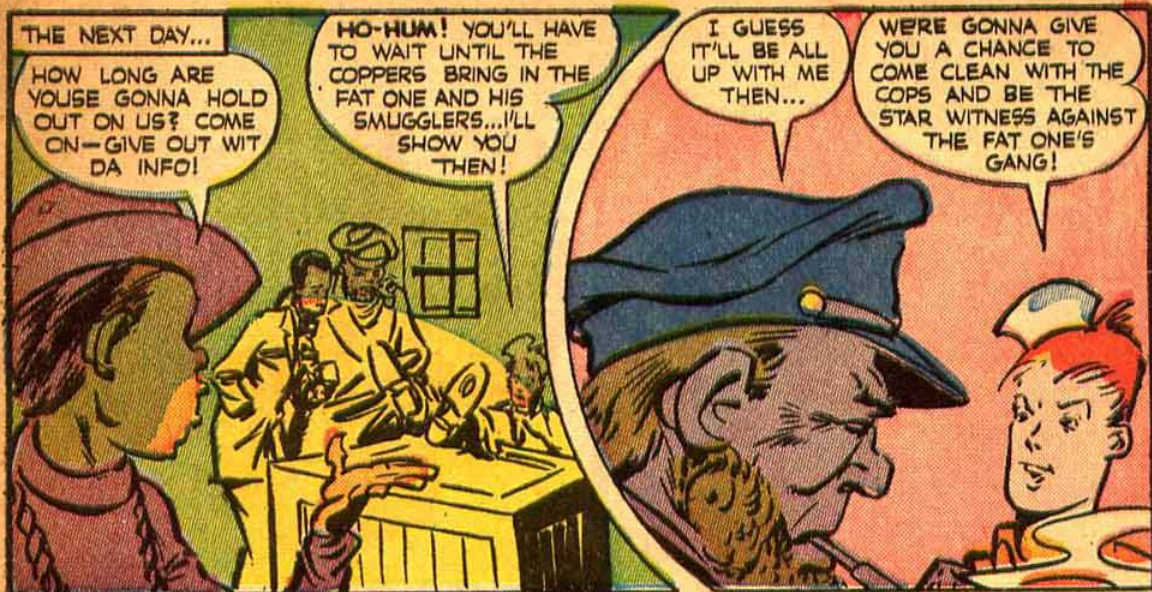
WOT I WANNA KNOW IS HOW YOUSE KNOW DEM DIAMONDS DA FAT MUG SWIPED FROM US IS NUTTIN' BUT GLASS!

HO-HUM...IT'S BECAUSE OF MY HEIGHT! BEING-TALL AND SKINNY ISN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL!

P.D.

P.D.





THE NEXT DAY...

HOW LONG ARE  
YOUSE GONNA HOLD  
OUT ON US? COME  
ON—GIVE OUT WIT  
DA INFO!

HO-HUM! YOU'LL HAVE  
TO WAIT UNTIL THE  
COPPERS BRING IN THE  
FAT ONE AND HIS  
SMUGGLERS...I'LL  
SHOW YOU  
THEN!

I GUESS  
IT'LL BE ALL  
UP WITH ME  
THEN...

WE'RE GONNA GIVE  
YOU A CHANCE TO  
COME CLEAN WITH THE  
COPS AND BE THE  
STAR WITNESS AGAINST  
THE FAT ONE'S  
GANG!

SURE...I'LL TESTIFY AGAINST  
THEM...AND I'LL TAKE MY  
MEDICINE FOR BREAKING THE  
LAW...OR ME NAME AIN'T  
SALTY SAM!

THAT'S  
GOOD, SALTY—  
BECAUSE WE  
JUST NABBED  
THAT GANG!

HERE ARE THE GLASS MARBLES,  
STRETCH! NOW EXPLAIN HOW  
YOU GOT WISE TO THE  
FAT ONE!

EASY, INSPECTOR. THESE  
EYES ARE LIKE MAGNIFY-  
ING GLASSES...AND I'M  
TALL... SO WHEN I  
LOOKED INTO THE  
TIGER'S EYES—



THIS IS WHAT I SEEN...

THROUGH THESE  
GLASS EYES  
THE SECRET  
LIES

OF TREASURES  
BRIGHT  
IF YOU CHOOSE  
THE RIGHT



I GET IT! BEHIND THOSE EYES  
WERE TWO PINS WITH MICROSCOPIC  
WRITING ON THEIR HEADS!

AND I'LL  
CHOOSE THE  
RIGHT PAW  
AND--WOW!  
HERE THEY  
ARE!



THANKS, BOYS! YOU'VE  
HELPED SMASH THE  
WORST GANG OF SMUGGLERS  
IN THE COUNTRY! YOU  
KIDS ARE REAL  
WIZARDS!

SOITNLY,  
INSPECTOR!  
DAT'S US-  
DA KID  
WIZARDS!



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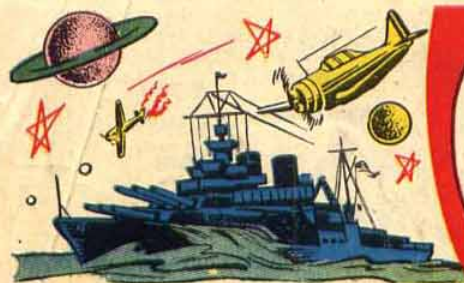


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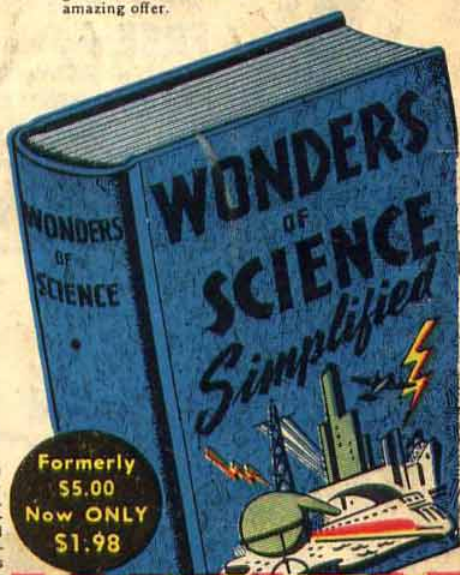
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- BOOK 4. Secrets of Weather Simplified**  
Storms on Sun and Storms on Earth  
The Strange Antics of a Ball of Fire
- BOOK 5. Through Wonderland of Nature**  
The Regions of Frost and Fire  
The Inside of an Active Volcano

### **Volume II—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF POPULAR SCIENCE**

- BOOK 6. Pictorial Outline of Progress**  
Nearly Two Centuries of Steamships  
Queer Fancies of the Motor-Car  
Development of the Modern Locomotive
- BOOK 7. Amazing Adventures in Science**  
The Mystery of the Burning Glass  
The Marvel of the Electro-Magnet  
The Wonder of the Infra-Red Rays
- BOOK 8. Seven Wonders of Modern World**  
How a Telescope Brings Things Near  
How a Microscope Makes Things Big  
The Latest Method of Television
- BOOK 9. Manual of Simplified Experiments**  
Science Experiments for Everybody  
Experiments With Simple Chemicals
- BOOK 10. How Great Inventions Work**  
Inside of a Great Modern Steamship  
A Big Coal Mine With the Lid Off  
How a Submarine Sinks and Rises

### **Volume III—PARTIAL CONTENTS WONDERS OF LIFE**

- BOOK 11. Creatures in Prehistoric Ages**  
Life on Earth 30 Million Years Ago  
Life on Earth 250,000 Years Ago
- BOOK 12. Marvels of Plant Life**  
Plants That Catch and Eat Insects  
Strange Freaks of Plant Growth
- BOOK 13. Strangest Fish in the Sea**  
Some Nightmares of the Deep Sea  
How a Fishes That Crawl on Land  
Queer Fishes That Live in Water
- BOOK 14. The Animal Wonder Book**  
The Animal World Nearly Lost  
The Ugliest of All the Animals
- BOOK 15. Miraculous Machine called Man**  
The Wonderful Way the Brain Works  
What Your Body Looks Like Inside